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A

PANEGYRIC

TO

Charles the Second,

PRESENTED

TO HIS MAJESTIE

The xxxiii. of *APRIL*, being the Day

OF HIS

CORONATION.

MDCLXI.

By *JOHN EVELYN*, Esqnire.

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A PANEGYRIC TO CHARLES the II. PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY On the Day of His INAUGURATION, *April* 23. MDCLXI.

I Have decreed with my ſelf (O beſt and greateſt of Kings!) to publiſh the juſt reſentiments of a heart, perfectly touch'd with the Joy and Univerſal Acclamations of your People, for your this dayes Exaltation and glorious inveſtiture. And truly, it was of cuſtome us'd to good and gracious Princes, upon leſſer occaſions, to pronounce and celebrate their merits with Elogies and Panegyrics; but if ever they were due, it is to your Majeſty this Day; becauſe as your Virtues are ſuperiour to all that paſs'd before you; ſo is the Conjuncture, and the ſteps by which you are happily aſcended to it, Miraculous, and altogether ſtupendious: So that what the former Ages might produce to deprecate their fears, or flatter the Inclinations of a Tyrant, we offer ſpontaneouſly, and by Inſtinct, without Artifice to your Serene Majeſty, our juſt and rightfull Soveraign. And if in theſe expreſſions of it, and the formes we uſe, it were poſſible to exceed, and ſo offend your Modeſty; herein only (great Sir) do we not fear to diſobey you; ſince it is not in your power to deny us our rejoycing, nor indeed in ours, to moderate. Permit us therefore (O beſt of Kings) to follow our genius, and to conſecrate your Name, and this dayes exaltation to that poſterity which you alone have preſerved, and which had certainly ſeen its period, but for your happy Reſtauration; ſo that your Majeſty does not ſo much accept a benefit from, as give it to your Subjects. For though the fulneſs of this Dayes joy, be like the ſeven years of plenty; yet, is that bread far more ſweet, which is eaten with remembrance of the paſt Famine (too bitter, alas! to be forgotten on the ſuddain) eſpecially, when it may ſerve to illuſtrate our preſent felicity, and conduce to your Majeſties glory: For ſo the skillful Artiſt, ſtudious of making a ſurpriſing peice, or repreſenting ſome irradiated Deity, deepens the

ſhadowes ſometimes with the darkeſt touches, and approaching to horrour it ſelf, thereby to render his lights the more refulgent, and ſtriking in the eyes of the Spectator.

Let us then call to mind (and yet for ever curſed be the memory of it) thoſe diſmal clouds, which lately oreſpread us, when we ſerved the luſts of thoſe immane Uſurpers, greedy of power, that themſelves might be under none; Cruel, that they might murther the Innocent without cauſe; Rich, with the publick poverty; ſtrong, by putting the ſword into the hands of furies, and proſperous by unheard of perfidie. Armies, Battails, Impeaching, Impriſonment, Arraining, Condemning, Proſcribing, Plundring. Gibbets and Executions were the eloquent expreſſions of our miſeries: There was no language then heard but of Perjury, Deluſion, Hypocriſie, Hereſie, Taxes, Exciſes, Sequeſtration, Decimation, and a thouſand like barbarities: In ſumme, the ſolitudes were filled with noble Exiles, the Cities with rapacious Theives, the Temples with Sacrilegious Villains; They had the ſpoiles of Provinces, the robbing of Churches, the goods of the ſlain, the Stock of Pupils, the plunder of Loyal Subjects; no Teſtament, no State ſecure, and nothing eſcaped their cruelty and inſatiable avarice. For if it be ſweet in proſperity, to conſider of the paſt adventures, if tempeſts commend the Haven; War, Peace; and our laſt ſharp ſickneſs, our preſent Health and Vigour; why ſhould it not delight your Majeſty to hear of the miſeries we have ſuffered; ſince they re-inforce your own felicity, and the benefits which we receive by it? where then ſhould I begin but with thy Calamities, O unfortunate *England*! who hadſt only the priviledge of being miſerable, when all the World were happy: But I will not go too far in repeating the ſorrowes which are vaniſh't, or uncover the buried memory of the evils paſt; leaſt whilſt we ſtrive to repreſent the vices of others, we ſeem to contaminate your Sacred purple, or alloy our preſent rejoycing; ſince that only is ſign of a perfect and conſummate felicity, when even the very remembrance of evils paſt, is quite forgotten.

Miraculous Reverſe! O marvel greater then Mans Counſel! who will believe that which his eyes do ſee? what before a twenty years confuſion had deſtroy'd; behold a few moneths have reſtor'd: But the wonder does yet ſo much more aſtoniſh, that the grief was not ſo univerſal for having ſuffer'd under ſuch a Tyranny, as for having been ſo long depriv'd of ſo excellent a Prince: No more then do we henceforth accuſe our paſt miſeries; All things are by your preſence repair'd, and ſo reflouriſh; as if they even rejoyc'd they had once been deſtroy'd, *Auctior tuis facta beneficiis.* So as not only a Diadem binds your ſacred Temples this day; but you have even crown'd all your Subjects too; ſo has your auſpicious preſence gilded all things; our Churches, Tribunals, Theaters, Palaces, lift up their heads again; the very fields do laugh and exalt. O happy, and bleſſed ſpring! not ſo glorious yet with the pride and enamel of his flowers, the golden corn, and the gemms of the pregnant Vine, as with thoſe Lillies and Roſes which bloom and flouriſh in your Chaplet this day, to which not only theſe, but even all the productions of nature ſeem to bend, and pay their homage.

And let it be a new year, a new *Æra*, to all the future Generations, as it is the beginning of this, and of that immenſe, *Platonic* Revolution;

lution; for what could arrive more justly, more stupendious, were even the eight sphear it self now hurled about? For no sooner came our CHARLES on shore, but every Man was in the Haven where he would be; the storm Universally ceas'd, and every one ran forth to see our *Palladium, tanquam cœlo delapsum:* Virgins, Children, Women, trembling old Men, venerating the very ship that wafted our *Jason* and his *Heroes*, ravish'd with the sight, yet hardly believing for astonishment; the greatness of the miracle, oppressing our senses, and endangering our very faith.

Credet ne hoc olim ventura posteritas?

I would prayse you Great Prince, but having begun; where shall I make an end? since there remains not a Topic through all that kind, but one might write Decads of it, without offending the truth, were it as secure of your modesty; since I am as well to consider what your ears can suffer, as what is owing to your Virtues: On what heads shall I extend then my discourse? your Birth, Country, Form, Education, Manners, Studies, Friends, Honours and Fortune run through all the partitions of the Demonstrative: An Orator could have nothing more to wish for, nor your Majesty to render you more accomplish'd.

Shall I consider then your Majesty as you were a Son to that glorious Father before his *Apotheosis*? As you were your self a Confessor after it; As you are now this day in your Zenith and exaltation; and as we Augure you will by Gods blessing prove to your Subjects hereafter: For even through all these does our prospect lead us; Nor may it be objected that what shall be spoken of your Majesty, can be applied to any other; since the Fortune and Events of the rest of Princes, have been so differing from yours; as seeming to have been conducted by Men alone, and second Causes; yours only by God, and as it were by Miracle.

I begin then with your early Piety to that Kingly Martyr whose Sacred dictates did institute your tender years, and whose sufferings were so much alleviated by your Majesties early proficiency in all that might presage a hopefull and glorious Successor: For so did you run through all his Vicissitudes, during that implacable war, which sought nothing more then to defeat you of all opportunities of a Princely education, as fearing your future Virtues; because they knew the stock from whence you sprung, was not to be destroy'd by wounding the body, so long as such a Branch remained.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes, animumque ferro.

Whilst he Reign'd and Govern'd, you learn'd only to obey; Living your own Princely Impress; as knowing it would best instruct you one day how to Command, and which we now see accomplish'd: These then are the effects, when Princes are the Sons of Nobles; since only such know best to support the weight, who use to bear betimes, and by degrees; not those who rashly pull it on their shoulders; because they take it with less violence, less ambition, less jealousie: None so secure a Prince, as he that is so born. *ICH DIEN.*

But no sooner did that blessed Martyr expire, then our redivive *Phœ-*

nix appear'd; riſing from thoſe Sacred Aſhes Teſtator and Heir; Father and yet Son; Another, and yet the ſame; introſuming as it were his Spirit, as he breath'd it out, when ſinging his own Epicedium and Genethliack together, he ſeem'd prodigal of his own life to have it redouble'd in your felicity: Thus, *Rex nunquam moritur.* O admirable conduct of the Divine Providence, to immortalize the image of a juſt Monarch: *Ipſa quidem, ſed non eadem, quia & ipſa, nec ipſa eſt.* Since that may as truly be apply'd to your Majeſty, which was once to the wiſeſt of Kings: *Mortuus eſt Pater ejus, & quaſi non mortuus, ſimilem enim reliquit ſibi poſt ſe.*

But with how much prudence, is ſerenity attributed amongſt the titles of Princes, and the beams of the ſun to irradiate their Crowns; That the Scepter bears a Flower; ſince as that glorious planet produces, ſo does it alſo wither them; and there is nothing laſting, ſave their vertues, which are indeed their eſſential parts, and only immortal; For even yet did the clouds intercept our day with the continuance of ſo diſmall a ſtorm, as it obnubilated all thoſe hopes of ours. It is an infinite adventure, if in a Princes Family (once overcaſt) it ever grow fair weather again, but by a ſingular and extraordinary providence. I mention this to increaſe the wonder, and reinforce your felicity. Empires paſſe, Kingdomes are tranſlated, and dominions ceaſe: The *Cecropides* of old, the *Arſacides*, the *Theban*, *Corinthian*, *Syracuſian*, and ſundry more laſted not to the fourth Age without ſtrange and prodigious tragedies; but why go we ſo far back, when a few Centuries preſent us with ſo many freſh Revolutions? How many neſts has the *Roman* Eagle changed? *Bulgarian*, *Saracen*, *Latine*; In the *Comneni*, *Iſaaci*, *Paleologi*, &c. even till it daſh'd it ſelf in pieces againſt the *Oetoman* rock. What mutations have been in the houſe of *Arragon*? How many Riders has the *Parthenopean* horſe unſaddl'd and flung? How many *Sicily*? What changes have been in *Italy*, What in *France*, and indeed through all *Europe* by *Vandals*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, *Normans*, by external invaſion, internal Faction, Envy, Ambition, treachery and violence? The *Conſulate* degenerated into *Oligarchy*, which occaſion'd the *Aventine* ſedition; Democraty into *Ochlocraty* under the *Tribunes* and wicked *Gracchi*; and *Monarchy* it ſelf, (the very beſt of Governments) into Tyranny.

Indeed your ſacred Majeſty was caſt out of your Kingdoms, but could never be thrown out of our hearts; There, you had a ſecure ſeat; and the Prince that is inthron'd there, is ſafe in all mutations: Keep there Sir, and you are inexpugnable, immoveable. And how ſhould it otherwayes be? A Prince of your virtue could not miſcarry, that being truly verified of Your Majeſty, as well in your perfections, as your perſon, *Certe, videtis quem elegit Dominus in Regem, quoniam non ſit ſimilis illi in omni populo.* Nature deſign'd your Majeſty a King, Fortune makes others; nor are you more your peoples by birth, and a glorious *ſeries* of Progenitors, then by your merits: This appeared in all thoſe digits of your darkeſt Eclipſe; The defect was ours, not your Majeſties. For the Sun is alwaies ſhining, though men alwaies ſee him not; and ſince the too great ſplendor, and proſperity did confound us, it pleaſed God to interpoſe thoſe clouds, till we ſhould be better able to behold you with more reverence and ſecurity; For then it was that you prepar'd your ſelf for this weighty government, and gave us thoſe preſages of your Virtue,

by

by what you did, for your people, and what you ſuffered for them; ſignalizing your Courage, your Fortitude, Conſtancy, Piety, Prudence and Temperance upon all occaſions. Your Travels and Adventures are as far beyond thoſe of *Ulyſſes*, as you exceed him in Dominions; *Si quis enim velit percenſere Cæſaris res, totum profecto terrarum orbem enumeret:* For he muſt go very far that would ſum up your perfections: Your skill in the cuſtomes of Nations, the ſituations of Kingdomes, the Advantages of places, the temper of the Climates; ſo as the Ages to come ſhall tell with delight, where you fought valiantly, where you ſuffered gallantly, *Quis ſudores tuos hauſerit campus, quæ refectiones tuas arbores, quæ ſomnum ſaxa prætexerint, quod denique tectum magnus hoſpes impleveris*, and all thoſe ſacred *Veſtigia* of yours: Thus what was once applyed to *Trajan*, becomes due to your Majeſty, and I my ſelf am witneſs both abroad, and at home, of what I pronounce, having now beheld you in both fortunes with love and admiration; But this is not halfe, and to ſtop at ſingle perfections, were to give jealouſie to the reſt yet untouched, and ſhould I but ſuccinctly number them all, were not to weave a Panegyrick, but an Inventory.

But amongſt all your Vertues none was more eminent then your conſtancy to your religion, which no ſhocks of Fortune, no aſſaults of ſophiſters, events and ſucceſſe of adverſaries, or offers of ſpecious Friends could ſhake; ſo great a thing it was that you did perſevere, ſo much greater *quod non timuiſti ne perſeverare non poſſes.*

But whilſt Armies on earth fought for the Uſurper, the Hoſts of Heaven fought in their courſes for your Majeſty; daſhing your greateſt enemy upon that Rock, which afforded you ſhelter, till that Tyranny was over paſt: And how welcome to Us was that bleſſed day *qui tyrannum abſtulit peſſimum, Principem dedit optimum*! He liv'd by ſtorming others, dyed in one himſelf, *& poſt Nubila, Phœbus.* Yet did not that quite diſſolve our fears, till that other head of *Hydra* was cut off, that deſpicable Rump which ſucceeded, not by the ſword, or any humane addreſſe, leaſt we ſhould ſacrifice to our own Nets; but by the immediate hand of heaven, without noiſe, without Armes, or ſtratageme, the fame of your vertues, more then the ſenſe of our own miſery, univerſally turning the hearts even of your very Enemies; and then that Northern Star began the dawning of this day, till your nearer approach did guild our Horizon, brighter then the rayes of the Eaſtern ſun, from whoſe ſpicy coaſt, like a true Phœnix you were to come; For ſo at the ſight of that Royal Bird was the memory of *Seſoſtris*, of *Amaſis* and *Ptolomy* ever fortunate, and ſo was yours to us; *Spaine.*

----Tum ruſticus ergo
Suſpicit obſervans volucrem; nam creditur annus
Ille ſalutaris------

the happy preſages of our glorious Returne, ſtupendious indeed and almoſt indicible: For no ſooner did your *Argo* hoiſe ſail, that the Eagles themſelves fled not ſwifter, then the report of your approach from ten thouſand mouthes of braſſe, echoing from ſhip to ſhip, and ſhore to ſhore, with their thundring voices, out done yet with the ſhouts and acclamations of your glad people, when our ſhaken Republique ruſhed at once into your princely Armes for ſafety and *Aſylum*, not by the occult power of Deſtiny, or blind revolution, but the extraordinary hand of

of Providence, whose *pathes are in the great Waters, and whose footsteps are no known: O novum atque inauditum ad principatum iter*, who that shall write Annals, or Verses can ever forget that day? not decrepit age, not the sick, not the tender Sex were kept back from resolving to behold that miraculous entry of yours; The very little children pointed to you, the striplings and young men exsulted, the Antient men stood amazed, and those who were under the empire of a cruel disease, leaped out of their beds, to have the sight of you, that were the safety of the People, returning with cure and refreshment: Others protested, they had even now lived long enough, and were ready to expire with joy, and the transports of their spirits; as satisfied that this Ball could not present them with an other object worthy their admiration; others wished now to live more then ever, that they might still enjoy their desired object; and women forgetting the pains of childbirth, brought forth with joy, because they gave Citizens to their Prince, and Souldiers now to their lawful Emperour.

Your Majesty must needs remember, nor is the sound yet out of your sacred ears, when the houses of this your August Metropolis were covered with the loud and cheerful spectators, because the earth was too narrow to contain them; the waves and the trees were filled with the shouting of your people, LONG LIVE KING *CHARLES* THE *II. tamque æqualiter ab omnibus ex adventu tuo lætitia percepta est, quam omnibus venisti.* For when the wise Arbiter of things began to look down upon us, all things conspir'd to make us happy; our Deliverance by your Majesty as by another *Moses*, leading us out of that *Ægyptian* bondage; or by a nearer resemblance that of the *Babylonish* captivity, if not yet farr greater; since God did there only turne the heart of a Prince to let a nation go: Here, the hearts of a whole Nation, to invite a banish'd Prince to come, when no other visible power interpos'd. Let others boast then of their miracles; we can produce such, as no age, no people under heaven can shew; God moving the hearts of his most implacable Enemies in a moment as it were, and those who had been before inhumanely thirsty after your blood, now ready to sacrifice their own for your safety; *Digna res memoratu! ibat sub ducibus vexillisque Regiis, hostis aliquando Regius, & signa contra quæ steterat sequebatur.* But I suffer with too much Plenty, and what eloquence is able to expresse the triumph of that your never to be forgotten Entry, unlesse it be the renewing of it this day? For then were we as those who dream, and can yet hardly be perswaded, that we are truly awake: *Dies ille æternis seculis monumentisque mandandus*, A day never to be forgotten in all our Generations, but to be consecrated to posterity, transmitted to future Ages, and inserted into Monuments more lasting then Brasse. Away then with these Woodden and temporary Arches, to be taken down by the People at pleasure; erect Marble ones, lasting as the Pyramids, and immovable as the mountains themselves, and when they fail, let the memory of it still remain engraven in our Hearts, Books, Records, *novissimo haud peritura die.*

And yet not this altogether, because we have received a Prince, but such a Prince, whose state and fortune in all this blessed change, we so much admire not, as his mind; For that is truly felicity, not to possesse great

great things, but to be thought worthy of them: And indeed Great Sir, neceſſity conſtrains me, and the laws of *Panegyric*, to verifie it in your Praiſes, by running over at leaſt thoſe other Appellations, which both your vertue has given to your Majeſty, and your Fortune acquir'd. For he is really no King who poſſeſſes not (like you) a Kingly mind, be his other advantages what they may: If the Republick belong then to *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* belongs much more to the Republick; and of this you have given proof.

For no ſooner were we poſſeſs'd of your ſacred Majeſtie, but you ſuddainly gave form to our confuſed *Chaos*: We preſently ſaw when you had taken the reigns into your ſacred hands, and began to ſit at Sterne, our deviating and giddy courſe grow ſteady, and the fluctuating Republick at drift ready to put into a ſecure Port.

You began your Entry with an act of general Clemency, and to make good the advice of your Martyr'd Father, and the beſt Religion, forgave you bittereſt Enemies; and not only barely forgiving, but by an exceſſe of charity, doing honour to ſome, *ut nemo ſibi victus te victore videatur*. This was plainly Godlike: For ſo rare a thing we find it, that Princes think themſelves oblig'd; or if they think it, that they love it; that your example will reproach all who went before you: As you promis'd, ſo you perform'd it, punctually, and with advantage. Nor indeed do you deſire any thing ſhould be permitted your Majeſty, but what is indu'g'd your Vaſſals, ſubjecting even your ſelf to thoſe Lawes by which you oblige your Subjects; For as it is a great felicity to be able to do what one will; ſo is it much more glorious, to will only what is juſt and honourable. All other Princes before your Majeſty ſpake as much; you only have performed it; nor is there a Tittle of your engagements, which even your very enemies diffide of, much leſſe your Friends ſuſpect: They enjoy, and theſe hope; becauſe thoſe were to be conciliated by preſent effects, theſe are ſecure by paſt promiſes; and none that receives them of your Majeſty reckons from the time they injoy it, but the period of your promiſe; becauſe it proceeds (they know) from a Princely and candid mind; and if it ſeem long in acquiring, it is not (I perſwade my ſelf) b cauſe you are difficult, much leſs unmindful; but that the benefit may be more acceptable, and the ſenſe of it more permanent; ſince too ſuddain felicity aſtoniſhes, and ſometimes renders the Recipient ingrateful, whilſt your favours are not fugitive but certain. It was only for Your Majeſtie to be compleatly happie, when you began to be ſo; and yet your ſubjects had as much as they could well ſupport; ſince you have made it your only buſineſſe to ſublevate the needie, and give them as it were a new Fate, your piety not more appearing in pardoning your Enemies, and receiving the Penitent, then your juſtice in reſtoring the Oppreſſed: For how many are ſince your returne, return'd to their own Homes, to their Wives, Children, Offices, and Patrimonies? *Addiditque Dominus omnia quæ fuerant Jobi duplicia*; ſome of them with immenſe advantages; and of this the languiſhing *Church of England* is a moſt eminent inſtance; That ſhe, which was firſt and moſt afflicted, ſhould be firſt and chiefly refreſhed.

You have taken away the affluence to the Committees, Sequeſtrators, Conventicles, and unjuſt Slaughter-houſes, and converted their zeal to the Temples, the Courts, and the juſt Tribunals: Magnanimity

is return'd again to the Nobility, Modesty to the People, Obedience to Subjects, Charity to Neighbours, Pietie to Children, Fidelity to Servants, and Reverence to Religion; In summe, You are the Restorer of Your Countrie.

The lawes that were lately quiescent, and even trampled under foot, your Majesty has revived; and been yet so prudent in reforming, that even those which your Enemies made upon good deliberation, you permit to stand, shewing your self rather to have been displeased with the Authours, then the Things.

As to Discipline (after the sacrifice due for that innocent blood of your glorious Father) you are not only careful to reject vice your self; but are severe to discountenance it in others; and that yet so sweetly, as you seem rather to perswade then compell; and to cure without a corrosive.

The Army is disbanded, and the Navy paid off without Tumult; because you are trusted without suspicion, and are more secure in the publick love and affection of your people then in men of Iron, the locks and Bars of Tyrants Palaces: And truely Sir, there is no protection to innocency, which is a fort inexpugnable: In vain therefore do Princes confide in any other; for Armes invite Armes, Terrour, suspition. To this only do you trust, and the few which you maintain about your person, is rather for state, then fear. *Quid enim istis opus est, quum firmissimo sis muro Civici amoris obtectus?* Here is then the firm Keeper of our Liberties indeed, whom the Armies love for his own sake, and whom no servile flattery adores; but a simple, and sincere devotion; and verily such a Prince as Your Majesty, deserves to have friends, Prompt, steady and faithful; such as You have, and which Virtue rather then Fortune procures. Of this I obtest the fidelity of Your own inviolable Party, distinguished formerly by the invidious name of *Cavalier*, though significant and glorious; but I provoke the World to produce me an example of parallel Loyaltie: What Prince under heaven, after so many losses, and all imaginable calamities, can boast of such a party? The *Grecians* forsook their Leaders upon every sleight disaster; the very *Romans* were not steady of old, but followed the fortune of the Common Victor. The *German* and the *French* will happily stick to their Prince in distresse, as far as the Plate, the Tapistry, or some such superfluous moveable may abide the pawn; But where shall we find a Subject that hath persisted like Your Majesties, to the losse of Libertie, Estate, and life it self, when yet all seem'd to be determin'd against them; so as even their enemies were at last vanquish'd with their constancy, and their very Tormentors wearied with their insuperable Patience; nor can they in all that tract of Time, hardly brag of having made one signal *Proselyte* in twenty Years that this difference continu'd; and that because the obedience of your Majesties Subjects, is engraffed into their Religion and Institution, as well as into the adoration of Your Virtues.

I would not therefore that Your Name should be painted upon Banners, or Carved in stone, *sed Monumentis aeterna laudis*; and Your Majesty did well foresee, and consult it, when you furnish'd a Subject for our *Panegyrics*, and our Histories, which should outlast those frail materials. The Statues of *Cæsar*, *Brutus* and *Camillus* were set up indeed because they chased their enemies from the Walls of a proud Citie; You

have

have done it from a whole Kingdom; not (as they) by blood and slaughter, but by your prudence and Counsels: Nor is it lightly to be passed over, that your Majesty was preserved in that *Royal Oak*, to whom a Civical Crown should so justly become due.

But I now arrive to the *Lawes* you have made, and the excellent things which your Majestie hath done since you came amongst Your people. Truely, there is hardly an hour to be reckoned wherein your Majesty has not done some signal benefit. I have already touch'd a few of them, as what concern'd the most, I would I could say the rest; for you have oblig'd your very Enemies, You have bought them; since never was there, till now, so prodigious a summe paid, a summe hardly in Nature, to verifie a VVord only; and which the zeal of Your good Subjects (had you taken the advantage of the fervour which I but now mentioned, at Your wonderful Reception) might easily have absolv'd You of; had You paid them in kind, and as they were wont to keep faith with your Majestie. I provoke the VVorld again to furnish an instance of a like generositie, unlesse he climb up to heaven for it. How black then must that ingratitude needs appear, which should after all this, dare to rebell; Or, for the future once murmur at Your Government? Since it was no necessity that compell'd You, but an excesse of your good nature, and your charitie.

Your Majestie has abolished the *Court of Wards*; I cannot say we have freed our selves in desiring it, if it were possible to hope for so indulgent a Father as Your Majestie is to Your Countrie, in those that shall succeed You.

The *Compositions* You have likewise eased us of, if that could be esteem'd a burthen, to serve so excellent a Prince, who receives nothing of his Subjects but what he returnes again in the Noblest and worthiest Hospitality, that any Potentate in earth can produce; Thus what the Rivers pay to the Ocean, it returns again in showers to repleniſh them. But You Majestie would dissipate even the very shadows, which give us umbrage; and rather part with your own just right, then those few of your Subjects which it concern'd, should think themselves aggreiv'd, though by a mistake even of their duty.

But I should first have mention'd your settlement of the *Church*, and Your bringing back the Ark of God: Your Majesties wise compoture of our Frailties, and tenderness as well in the Religious as the Secular; whilst yet You continue fervent to maintain what is decent, and what is setled by Law. But what language is capable to expresse this Article? Let those who wait at the Altar, and to which you have restor'd the daily sacrifice, supply the defect of this period, and celebrate your piety. *His Majesties Declaration.*

Nor has yet Your zeal to the Church, lessen'd that which is due to the Common-wealth; witnesse your industry in erecting a *Counsel of Trade*, by which alone you have sufficiently verified that expression of your Majesties in your Declaration from *Breda*, That You would propose some useful things for the publick emolument of the Nation, which should render it opulent, splendid and flourishing; making good your pretence to the universall Soveraignty by Your Princely care, as well as by your birth and undoubted Title.

You have Restor'd, Adorn'd, and Repair'd our Courts of Judicature, turn-

turning the Shambles where your Subjects were lately butcher'd, into a Tribunal, where they may now expect due Justice; and have furnish'd the Supreame seat there with a *Chancelour* of antient candor, rare experience; just, prudent, learned and faithfull; in summe, one, whose merits beget universal esteem, and is amongst the greatest indications of your Majesties skill in persons, as well as in their Talents and perfections to serve you. Thus you have gratified the long robe, so as now again,

Te propter colimus leges, animosque ferarum
Exuimus---- And there is hope we may again be civiliz'd.

For you are (we hear) publishing *Sumptuary Lawes* to represse the wantonness and excess of Apparel, as you have already testifi'd your abhorrency of *Duelling*, that infamous and dishonourable gallantry: In fine, you have establish'd so many excellent constitutions, that you seem to leave nothing for us to desire, or your Successor to add either in the *Ethicall* or *Politicall*.

-------Similem quæ pertulit ætas
Consilio, vel Marte virum?-----

O happy *Greece* for Eloquence, that hast celebrated the fortune of thy *Heroes* trifling Adventures! who shall set forth and immortalize the glory of our illustrious Prince, and advance Great *CHARLES* to the skies? You had Poets indeed that sung the fate of an unfortunate Lady, the theft of a simple fleece; what wouldst thou have done, had the glorious Actions of such a King been spread before thee, who has not robbed with Armies, depopulated Cities, or violated the Rights of Hospitality; but restor'd a broken Nation, repair'd a ruin'd Church, reform'd, and re-establish'd our ancient Laws; in summe, who has at once render'd us perfectly happy? What then have we to do with *Augustus*, or *Titus*, with *Trajan*, *Hadrian*, *Antoninus*, *Theodosius* or even *Constantine* himself? There is not in any, there is not in all these Subjects more worthy of praise, and to which your Majesty; O best of Princes, ought at all to render.

We are told *Periculosæ rem aleæ esse, de iis scribere quibus sis obstrictus*; because it is so difficult to observe a mediocrity, where our affections are engaged: But your Majesty is as secure from flattery, as your Virtues are above its reach; and to write thus of ill Princes, were both a shame and a punishment: For this the *Senate* condemn'd the History of *Cremutius* to the flames; and *Spartianus* told *Diocletian* boldly, how hard it would be to write their Commentaries, except it were to record their Impudence, Murthers, Injustice, and the (for most part) fatal periods of Tyrants; which if any esteem a glory, you envy not, whilst your Majesty is resolv'd to secure your own by your virtue and your Justice; so as no age to come shall possibly find an æmulator, or produce an equall.

-----Fuerint aliis hæc forte decora,
Nulla potest Laus esse tibi quæ crimina purget.

But

But I ſhall never have done with your obligations of the publick; and the meaſure which is aſſign'd me, would be too narrow but to mention briefly thoſe your private and interiour perfections which crown your Majeſties Perſon, and dazle our eyes more then the bright purple which this day inveſts you. To give inſtance in ſome; you are an excellent Maſter to your Domeſticks. Their Lives, Converſations and Merits as well as Names, and Faces, are known to your Majeſty as the Companions of *Cæſar* were: Honour is ſafe under your Banner, and the Court ſo well regulated, that there is no need of *Cenſors* to inſpect Mens Manners; *vita principis pro cenſura eſt.* He who knowes that every body eyes, ſpeaks and writes of him, cannot in prudence, or think, or act things unworthy and abject: You Sir direct all your objects and motions ſo, as may recommend you to poſterity; and even burn with deſires of immortality, ſo as Hiſtories may relate the Truth without fear or adulation.

How happy then thoſe Servants of yours, whoſe fidelity and Induſtry is known to your Majeſty, not from the interpretation and reports of others, but your own experience! So as you Reward as well with Judgment, as Bounty; and verily that is true Beneficence to place your Recompence as well equally, as freely: Moſt other Virtues are competent to the reſt of Men; Beneficence only to a Prince, as his moſt Eſſential property, and the nobleſt ingredient of his *Elogy.* Hence that great Saint, as well as Courtier and Prelate has directed, *Si quis Principem laudare vellet, nihil illi adeo decorum adſcriberet quam Magnificentiam*; and *Criticks* obſerve, that where the wiſe King *Solomon* ſayes, *Multi colunt perſonam Principis*, the *Hebrew* verſion reads it, *perſonam Benefici*, as importing both; and in that of his Who was greater then *Solomon*, *Qui dominantur eorum Benefici vocantur*, the *Chaldy* turnes, *Principes vocantur*, as if by a convertible figure, He could not be a Prince who were not Beneficent; nor he that is truly Beneficent, unworthy of that Title. I remember 'tis ſomewhere ſaid of *Saul* that he Reign'd but two years; becauſe he was ſo long it ſeems good to his people, and reigned in their hearts; For as the Sun himſelf ſhould not be the Sun, if he did not ſhine; no more ſhould a Prince be worthy of his dignity, if he unjuſtly Ecclips'd his influence, or abuſed his Magnificency. But as we ſaid, this virtue is added to your Majeſties alſo; who know ſo well to adjuſt its Definition by your conſtant practice, rendering it (as indeed it ought) productive of your will for glorious and honeſt ends only; But I now proceed with the reſt. *S. Chryſoſt.*

There is ſuch a Majeſty in your Countenance, ſuch Lenity in your Eyes, gravity in your ſpeech, as that for your graceſull preſence that may be truly affirm'd of you what was once appli'd to a great Prince reſembling you, *Jam firmitas, Jam proceritas corporis, jam honor Capitis & dignitas oris, ad hoc ætatis indeflexa maturitas, nonne longe lateque principem oſtentant?* ſince even all theſe aſſemble in your Majeſties perſonage; Nor has fortune chang'd you after all your Travels and Adventures abroad; but brought you back to us not ſo much as tinged in the percolations through which you have been forc'd to run, like the Foun-

tain *Arethusa* through the River *Alpheus* without commixture of their waters. None having more constantly retained his vertue then your Majesty, nor guarded it with more caution.

And now in all this height of glory, you receive all Men with so much humility, that the difference of your change seems to be only this; that you are now beloved of more, and love more, treating every man, as if every man were your proper care, and as becomes the Father of so great a Family; Sometimes you are pleased to lay more aside the beams of Majesty, that you may descend to do mutual offices of Friendship; as considering that these Virtues were not concredited to you by God, for your self only, but for others also: In short, you are so perfect a Prince, that those who come after you, will fear to be compared to you, *Experti quam sit onerosum succedere bono Principi*; since to possess your Virtues, they must support your sufferings; nor can every head know how to sustain the weight of such a Crown as yours, where the thornes have so long perplext the Lillies and the Roses of it.

I might here mention Your Heroic and masculine Spirit in dangers, and yet Your foresight of them; Your tenderness to compassionate, Your Constancie in suffering, Your Modestie in Prosperitie, Equalitie in Adversitie, and that sweetness of access which attracts both love and veneration from all that converse with You; but these have already adorn'd your Character by that excellent Hand who did lately describe it *Col. Tuke.*

You are frequent at Councels, Patient in hearing, pertinent in answering, judicious in Determining, and so skilfull in the several Languages, that You many times transact by Your self, what others do by Interpreters; affecting rather expedition in Your affairs, then insignificant State, which these acquired parts of Your Majesties do yet augment so much the more.

You are curious of brave and Laudable things; You love shipping, Buildings, Gardens (having exceeded *Cyrus* already in Your Plantations) Piscinas, Statues, Pictures, Intaglias, Music: You have already amass'd very many rare collections of all kinds, and there is nothing worthy and great which can escape Your research.

Nor must I here forget the honour You have done our *Society* at *Gresham Colledge* by Your curious enquiries about the *Load-Stone*, and other particulars which concern *Philosophy*; since it is not to be doubted but that so Magnanimous a Prince, will still proceed to encourage that Illustrious Assembly; and which will celebrate and eternize Your memory to the future Ages, beyond Your Majesties Predecessors, and indeed all the Monarchs on the Earth, when for You is reserv'd the being Founder of some thing that may improve practical and Experimental knowledg, beyond all that has been hitherto attempted, for the Augmentation of Science, and universal good of Man-kind, and which alone will consummate Your Fame and render it immortal.

What shall I superadd to all these? That You rise early, that You are alwaies employ'd, that You love Hunting, Riding, swimming, manly Robust and Princely Exercises, not so much for delight, as health and relaxation. *Et vitæ pars nulla perit.*

O best Idea of Princes, sit to me yet one moment, that I may add this last touch to Your fair Table; nor wonder that I should attempt so bold

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an enterprise; since he that would take the height of *Olympus*, must stand below in the plain: Subjects can best describe their Princes Virtues; Princes best know their Subjects, and therefore most fit to rule them. And long may You live to rule us great Sir. We wish that all you do, or may do, be propitious to you, to us, to the public; or in a word, to your *Majesty* alone, in which both we and the public are mutually concerned. Time was (and too long alas it was!) that what was fortunate to the Tyrant, was unhappy to your Subjects: now they are common to both and reciprocal; nor can we more be happy without you, then you without us; and truly all Princes have known, that they are seldom beloved of God, who are hated of their People; nor can they be long secure. *Vox Populi, vox Dei est.* But you have seen the Effects of our Prayers against an Usurper; hear now, O Heaven our Vowes for a just Prince. Not for peace, not for Riches, not Honours, or new conquests do we supplicate; but for all these in one, The Safety of *CHARLES*. You alone snatch'd him out of those cruel hands, now preserve him from them: Render him fortunate to us, to our Children, succeeding Generations: give him a late Successor, and when You do it, let it be such a one as himself.

Let your Majestie now proceed in his Triumph, and hear the Acclamations of his people; what can they more expresse who are ready to pave the very streets with their bodies, in testimonie of their zeal? behold all about You, the Gratulating old Fathers, the exulting Youths, the glad mothers; And why should it not be so? Here's no goods publicated, none restrain'd or mulcted of their Libertie, none diminish'd of dignitie, none molested, or exil'd; all are again return'd into their houses, Relations and Properties, and which is yet more then all, to their antient innocenie and mutual charitie.

If the *Philosopher* in the *Ethicks* enquiring whether the felicity of the sun, do any whit concern the happinesse of the defunct progenitor, after much reasoning have determin'd that the honour only which his son acquires by worthie and great actions, does certainly refresh his Ghost: VVhat a day of Jubilee, is this then to Your blessed Father! Not the odor of those flowers did so recreate the dead *Archemorus*, which the *Nymphs* were yearly wont to strow upon his watry Sepulcher, as this daies Inauguration of Yours, does even seem to revive the Ashes of that sacred *Martyr*.

Should some one from the clouds that had looked down on the sad face of things, when our Temples lay in dust, our Palaces in desolation, and the Altars demolished; when these Citie Gates were dashed to pieces, Gibbets and Executions erected in every Street, and all things turned into universal silence and solitude, behold now the change of this daies glorious scean; that we see the Churches in repair, the sacred Assemblies open'd, our Cities re-edified, the Markets full of People, our Palaces richly furnished, and the Streets proud with the burden of their Triumphal Arches, and the shouts of a rejoycing multitude: How would he wonder and stand amaz'd, at the Prodigie, and leap down from his lofty station, though already so near to heaven, to joyne with us in earth, participate of our felicitie, and ravish'd with the Ecstasie, cry out aloud now vvith Us

Set open the Temple-Gates, let the Prisoners go free, the Altars smoak

ſmoak perfumes, bring forth the Pretious things, ſtrovv the Waies vvith Flovvers, let the Fountains run Wine, Crovvn the Gobblets, bring Chapplets of Palmes and Lavvrells, the Bells ring, the Trumpets ſound, the Cannon roar, O happy Deſcent, and ſtrange Reverſe! I have ſeens *Englands* Reſtorer, Great *CHARLES the II.* RETURN'D, REVENG'D, BELOV'D, CROWN'D, RE-ESTABLISH'D.

Terraſque Aſtræa Reviſit.

And O that it vvere novv in my power to ſpeak ſome great thing, worthy this great day; I ſhould put all the flowers of *Orators* and Raptures of *Poets* into one lofty & high Expreſſion, and yet not Reach what I would ſay to Your Majeſtie: For never ſince there was a Citie, or Kingdom, did a Day appear more glorious to *England*, never ſince it was a Nation, and in which there either was, or ought to be ſo univerſal a Jubilation: Not that Your Triumphal Charriots do drag the miſerable Captives, but are accompanied by freed Citizens; perfidie is now vanquiſhed, popular fury chayn'd, cruelrie tam'd, luxury reſtrained, theſe lie under the ſpondells of Your VVheeles, where Empire, Faith, Love, and Juſtice Ride Triumphant, and nothing can be added to Your *Majeſties* glory but its perpetuitie. But whence, alas! ſhould I have this confidence, after ſo many *Elogies* and *Panegyricks* of great and Eloquent men, who conſecrate the memorie of this daies happineſſe; and (were the ſubject, like that of all other things) would have left me nothing more to add, unleſs he who was ſometimes wont to employ his pen for Your *Majeſtie* being abſent, ſhould now be ſilent that you are preſent, and inflame me with a kind of new Enthuſiaſme: I find my ſelf then compell'd out of a grateful ſenſe of my dutie for the publick benefit, and if your *Majeſtie* forbid not, or withdraw your influence, who ſhall hinder, that even my ſlender voice ſhould not ſtrive to be heard, in ſuch an univerſall conſort, wherein every body has a part, every one a ſhare?

Permit me therefore (O beſt of Kings) to preſent, and lay theſe my vowes at your ſacred feet, to exſult, and to Rejoyce with the Reſt of your Loyal Subjects; not as I deſire, but as I am able, and as I would do it to God, and as he beſt loves it,

Sentiendo copioſius, quam loquendo.

DIXI.

5 MAY 27